SINCE our distinguished visitor, Dr. John Watson, spoke of "The Sowers," by Seaton Merriman, as the most talked about English novel of the year there has been a run on the book that has exhausted the edition. The publishers, Messrs. Harper, are rushing another edition through the press, not having a single copy in stock, and none could be found in the uptown bookstores. Such, it seems, is the power of a word from an author who sways thousands and tens of thousands between laughter and tears by his own work.

It is a tale of Russian life, of a Russian prince, who, through his English blood, sees the Socialistic abuses of Russia with horror, and who seeks in the disguise of a physician to alleviate the suffering that surrounds him. Much of his time, however, is necessarily spent in London, and there he meets a beautiful woman, who smiles sweetly upon his lofty, philanthropic dreams, while holding them in secret contempt. She is determined to marry the prince—as for the visionary, that she will adjust later.

But Delilah gets only a part of Sampson's locks. She marries him, but she cannot turn him from his purpose of devoting his life to the relief of the poor and the suffering. The gloom, the sadness, and, most of all, the monotony of life in Siberia, drive her to desperation. She betrays his secret work to the Government, and just at the moment of danger the seductive French villain appears.

The interview in which the Prince upbraids her for her double disloyalty is a powerful scene. "Paul stood looking at her. He was not a subtle-minded man at all. He was not one of those who take it upon themselves to say that they understand women—using the word in an offensively general sense, as if women were situated midway between the human and the animal races. He was old-fashioned enough to look upon women as higher and purer than men, while equally capable of thought and self-control.

"No, this man respected women still; and he paid them an honor which, thank Heaven, most of them still deserve. He treated them as men in the sense that he considered them to be under the same code of right and wrong, of good and evil.

"He did not understand what Etta meant when she told him to be careful. He did not know that the modern social code is like the Spanish grammar—there are so many exceptions that the rules are hardly worth noting. And one of our most notorious modern exceptions is the married woman who is pleased to hold herself excused because outsiders tell her that her husband does not understand her.

"'I do not think,' said Paul judicially, 'that you can have cared very much whether I loved you or not. When you married me you know that I was the promoter of the Charity League; I almost told you. I told you so much that, with your knowledge, you must have been aware of the fact that I was heavily interested in the undertaking which you betrayed. You married me without certain proof of your husband's death, such was your indecent haste to call yourself a princess.' * * *

"Etta's stony eyes softened for a moment. She seemed to be alternating between hatred of this man and love for him—a dangerous state for any woman. It is possible that, if he had held his hand out to her, she would have been at his feet in a wild, incoherent passion of self-hatred and abasement. Such moments as these turn our lives and determine them. Paul knew nothing of the issue hanging on this moment, on the passing softness of her eyes. He knew nothing of the danger in which this woman stood, of the temptation with which she was wrestling. He went on in his blindness, went on being only just.

"'If,' he said, 'you have any further questions to ask, I shall always be at your service. For the next few days I shall be busy. The peasants are in a state of discontent verging on rebellion. We cannot at present arrange for your journey to Tver, but as soon as it is possible I will tell you.'

THE MOST WIDELY READ NEW NOVEL IN ENGLAND.

Ian Maclaren Says "The Sowers," a Russian Tale, Is the Big Success of the London Season.

"He looked at the clock, and made an imperceptible movement toward the door. Etta glanced up sharply. She did not seem to be breathing.

"'Is that all?' she asked, in a dull voice. There was a long silence, tense and throbbing, the great silence of the steppe.

"'I think so,' answered Paul, at length. 'I have tried to be just.'

"'Then justice is very cruel.'

"'Not so cruel as the woman who for a few pounds sells the happiness of thousands of human beings. Steinmetz advised me to speak to you. He suggested the possibility of circumstances of which we are ignorant. He said that you might be able to explain.'

"Silence. 'Can you explain?' Silence. Etta sat looking into the fire. The little clock hurried on. At length Etta drew a deep breath.

"'You are the sort of man,' she said, 'who does not understand temptation. You are strong. The devil leaves the strong in peace. You have found virtue easy because you have never wanted money. Your position has always been assured. Your name alone is a password through the world. Your sort are always hard on women who—who——What have I done, after all?'

"Some instinct bade her rise to her feet and stand before him—tall, beautiful, passionate, a woman in a thousand, a fit mate for such as he. Her beautiful hair in burnished glory round her face gleamed in the firelight. Her white fingers clenched, her arms thrown back, her breast panting beneath the lace, her proud face looking defiance into his—no one but a prince could have braved this princess.

"'What have I done?' she cried a second time. 'I have only fought for myself, and if I had won, so much the greater credit. I am your wife. I have done nothing that the law can touch. Thousands of women moving in our circle are not half as good as I am. I swear before God I am——'

At bay, the desperate woman resolves to do anything rather than be sent back to England in disgrace, and she finds unexpected aid in an attack made on the palace by starving peasants, who do not know that the prince is their benefactor, "the Moscow doctor," as they called him where they worship.

"The big clock over the castle boomed out the hour, and at the same instant there arose a roar like the voice of the surf on a Malabar shore. There was a crashing of glass almost in the room itself. Already Steinmetz was drawing the curtains closer over the windows in order to prevent the light from filtering through the interstices of the closed shutters.

"'Only stones,' he said to Paul, with his grim smile; 'it might have been bullets.' As if in corroboration of his suggestion the sharp ring of more than one firearm rang out above the dull roar of many voices.

"Steinmetz crossed the room to where Etta was standing, white-lipped, by the fire. Her clenched hand was gripping Maggie's wrist. She was half hidden behind her cousin. Maggie was looking at Paul. Etta was obviously conscious of Steinmetz's gaze and approach.

"'I asked you before to tell me all you knew,' he said. 'You refused. Will you do it now?' Etta met his glance for a moment, shrugged her shoulders, and turned her back on him. Paul was standing in the open doorway with his back turned toward them—alone. The palace had never looked so vast as it did at that moment—brilliantly lighted, gorgeous, empty. * * *

"'They are in!' said Steinmetz. 'The side door.' And the two men looked at each other with wide eyes full of knowledge." They knew the Princess had opened the door.

"As they ran to the foot of the broad staircase the tramp of scuffling feet, the roar of angry voices, came through the passages from the back of curtained doorways. The servants' quarters seemed to be pandemonium. There was a yell of hatred and an ugly charge toward the stairs, but the sight of the two revolvers held them there—motionless for a few moments. Those in front pushed back, while the shouters in the safe background urged them forward by word and gesture.

"Two men holding a hundred in check! But one of the two was a Prince, which makes all the difference, and will continue to make that difference, despite half-penny journalism, until the end of the world.

"'What do you want?' cried Paul.

"'Oh, I will wait!' he shouted, in the next pause. 'There is plenty of time—when you are tired of shouting.' Several of them proceeded to tell him what they wanted. An old story, too stale for repetition here. Paul recognized in the din of many voices the tinkling arguments of the professional agitator all the world over—the cry of 'Equality! Equality!' when men are obviously created unequal.

"'Look out!' said Paul. 'I believe they are going to make a rush.' All the while the foremost men were edging toward the stairs, while the densely packed throng at the back were struggling among themselves. In the passages behind, some were yelling and screaming with a wild intonation which Steinmetz recognized. He had been through the Commune.

"'Those fellows at the back have been killing some one,' he said. 'I can tell by their voices. They are drunk with the sight of blood.'

By a sudden inspiration is occurs to the Prince to put on the disguise of the doctor—which the furious mob will recognize, and he manages to do this while his friend holds the attacking party in check with his revolver. The denouement is most dramatic, and meantime at the foot of the stairs, near the door which her own white hands had unbarred, lies the beautiful body of the wicked, worldly Princess, her white satin robe stained by her own blood and by the mud from hundreds of feet.

GREAT MEN OF THE CENTURY AS THEY APPEARED TO MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

And as They Appeared to Daniel Maclise, The Caricaturist.

Bulwer Lytton, Shaving.

IT is hard to realize that an autobiographer who is perfectly in touch with co-temporary literature, and who is the friend of many leading living writers, knew Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt and John Keats, and Coleridge, and Shelley, and the Kembels as well or better.

Yet such is the truth of "My Long Life," by Mary Cowden-Clarke, soon to be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company. Mrs. Cowden-Clarke, the daughter of Vincent Novello, was born in London in 1809, and spent nearly three-quarters of a century in the very heart of English literary and artistic life, although she resides at present in Genoa. To the shaping of the great mass of rich material which has thus been gathered through association and personal knowledge, the author has brought a large literary experience, being already well known by her "Concordance to Shakespeare," and such other works. Her husband, Charles Cowden-Clarke, was also of considerable literary distinction, as a writer and a lecturer, so that marriage strengthened the already close bond between Mary Novello and the world of letters.

It is a charming picture that she gives of her childhood and her home in which the greatest Englishmen and women were entertained. She mentions that "dear, kind Mary Lamb" offered to give her lessons in Latin, and after speaking of the eagerness with which the offer was accepted by her parents, goes on:

"I used, therefore, to trudge regularly, on appointed mornings, to Great Russell street, Covent Garden, where the Lambs then lived; and one morning, when I entered the room, I saw a lady sitting with Miss Lamb, whom I heard say, 'Oh, I am now nothing but a stocking-mending old woman.' This lady had straight, black brows, and looked still young, I thought, and had a very intelligent, expressive countenance. When she went away, Miss Lamb said, 'That is the excellent actress, Miss Kelly. Look at her well, Victoria, for she is a woman to remember having seen.' And, indeed, this was no other than the admirable artiste to whom Charles Lamb addressed his two sonnets, the one beginning:

'You are not Kelly of the common strain,'

and the other, on her performance of 'The Blind Boy,' beginning,

'Rare artist, who half thy tools or none
Canst execute with ease thy curious art.'

"On a subsequent morning a boy came rushing into the room and dashed through the repetition of his Latin lesson with a rapidity that dazzled me, and fired me with ambition to repeat my conjugations in the same brilliant style. When the boy was gone—it was Hazlitt's son, whom Mary Lamb also taught his Latin grammar—I began trying to scamper through my lesson, but Mary Lamb wisely stopped me, and advised me not to attempt what was not in my sober, steady way."

Referring to the evening parties given at her father's house, she mentions that the walls of the drawing room were hung with water-color paintings by Varley, Capley, Fielding, Havell and Christall, all of whom were friends of her father's, and often among the guests. Going on to describe her personal recollections of these occasions, she says: "Besides the guests above named, there were often present Charles and Mary Lamb, Leigh Hunt, John Keats and ever-welcome, ever young-hearted Charles Cowden-Clarke. My enthusiasm—child as I was—for these distinguished visitors was curiously strong. I can remember once creeping round to where Leigh Hunt's hand rested on the back of the sofa upon which he sat, and giving it a quiet kiss—because I heard he was a poet. And I have even now full recollection of the reverent look with which I regarded John Keats, as he leaned against the side of the organ, listening with rapt attention to my father's music. Keats's favorite position—one foot raised on his other knee—still remains imprinted on my memory; as also does the last time I saw him, half-reclining on some chairs that formed a couch for him when he was staying at Leigh Hunt's house, just befor e leaving England for Italy. Another poet

Charles Lamb with a Book and a Brandy.

reminiscence I have—of jumping up to peer over the parlor window blind to have a peep at Shelley, who I had heard was leaving, after a visit he had just paid to my father upstairs.

Well was I reminded, for, as he passed before our house, he gave a glance up at it, and I beheld his seraph-like face, with its blue eyes, and aureoled by its golden hair."

At these entertainments at the Novello House Leigh Hunt used to read aloud. "When," writes Mrs. Cowden-Clarke in this connection: "When Leigh Hunt left prison, my father asked him to sit for his portrait to Wageman—a dearly prized portrait that I still have near me in my own room. It is the very best likeness I have ever seen of him; and well do I remember his poet face and his bent head, with its jet-black hair, as he wrote his name beneath the pencil drawing."

After saying much touching a visit which she made at the home of Leigh Hunt, she adds: "Having confessed to a touch of romance in my disposition, I may here give an additional proof of its likelihood, by owning that while Leigh Hunt was in Italy I had indulged girlish visions of the delight it would be to me if I could gain a large fortune, carry it thither myself, and lay it at his feet. Again, when he returned thence to England, and I chanced to hear him sing one of Tom Moore's Irish melodies ('Rich and rare were the gems she wore'), I was so excited by the sound of his voice after that lapse of time, that I found the tears silently streaming down my cheeks."

She also speaks of the letter of introduction which Mrs. Shelley brought from Leigh Hunt to the Novello's on returning to England after the poet's death. "He described Mrs. Wollstonecraft's daughter as 'inclining, like a wise and kind being, to receive all the consolation which the good and kind can give her;' adding, 'She is as quiet as a mouse, and will drink in as much Mozart and Paesiello as you choose to afford her.'"

There is a pastutic account of the kind devices by which the Novellos endeavored to divert the bereaved woman's mind from her grief, and a tender and lasting friendship grew out of the association. Learning that her mother, Mary Wollstonecraft had always been admired by the Novellos, although they had not known her personally, Mrs. Shelley gave them a lock of her mother's hair. "This tress," says Mrs. Cowden-Clarke. "Mary Shelley, accompanied by an affectionate little note to my father, in Italian, which tress and note are still in my possession, carefully preserved under glass, and treasured, among other relics of the kind, in a collection of hair I have."

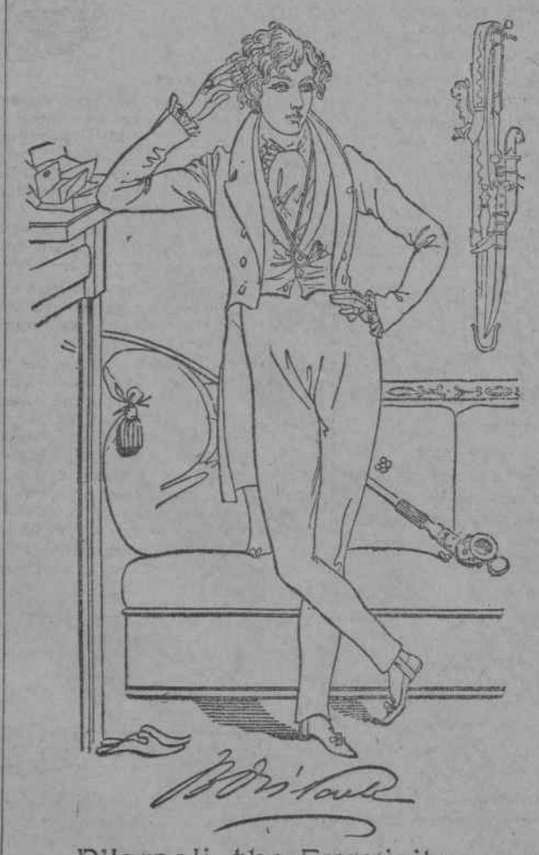
The intimacy with Charles and Mary Lamb began in Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's childhood, lasted until ended by their death after her marriage. With her husband she visited them at their home, and of this she says: "How fully and delightfully that visit enabled us to behold him in his individuality of whimsical humor, as well as his thoroughly tender and kind nature! His lifelong devotion to his sister had been practically proved; but his mingled playfulness of treatment and manner towards her were indicated in his once saying to us, with his arch smile: "I always call my sister Marie when we are alone together, Mary when we are with friends, and Moll before the servants."

There are several pages of anecdotes of Lamb and his sister and the sunny side of the pathetic picture is always turned toward the reader.

There are delightful stories of Coleridge, of Charles and Fanny Kemble, of Douglas Jerrold, of Edmund Kean, of almost every celebrity of the last seventy-five years. Leigh Hunt introduced Charles Dickens to Mrs. Cowden-Clarke. Dickens had heard of her amateur acting, especially in the role of Mrs. Malaprop, and an invitation to her to join his "company" grows out of this first meeting. "Although I am naturally shy," writes Mrs. Cowden-Clarke, "I have never felt shy when acting; but it must be confessed that 'rehearsal' was somewhat of a heart-beating affair to me, as I had to meet and speak before such a group of distinguished men as John Forster, editor of the Examiner; Mark Lemon, editor of Punch; John Leech, its inimitable illustrator; the admirable artists, Augustus Egg and Frank Stone, all of whom were fellow-actors in Charles Dickens's amateur company."

But the whole of the Sunday Journal—big as it is—might be filled with extracts from this fascinating work, without giving a fair idea of the wealth of its contents in the line of anecdotes of famous personages or the charm and grace with which they are told.

Count D'Orsay in the Park.



D'Israeli, the Exquisite.

Sidney Smith, Wag and Wit.

In Society.

IN VIEW of the eagerness with which all recollections of the Napoleonic period have been seized upon, it is difficult to understand why "The Memoirs of Baron Thiebault" have remained in manuscript for more than half a century after his death. The editor, M. Fernand Calmettes, does not say that the work has been withheld at the request of the distinguished author, but, considering the prominence of the Baron, who was foremost among Napoleon's generals, it seems scarcely likely that such an important addition to history was left unpublished through neglect.

But whatever the reasons for withholding the memoirs so long, they are now to be published immediately by the Macmillan Company in two large, handsome volumes, containing portraits and maps. The French edition consists of five large volumes, but it has been thought advisable to condense the translation in English, retaining, however, all the scenes in which Napoleon was the central figure and those connected with the Peninsular War.

That the style of the work is admirable goes without saying when it is remembered that Thiebault was an experienced, skilful writer, and its value may be inferred from the fact that his "Manual for Staff Officers" still holds rank among military text books, and that his "Journal of the Siege of Genoa" and his "Narrative of the Campaign in Portugal" are still the standard authorities for the events of which they treat.

Thiebault evidently felt the intense dislike of Napoleon which intimate association seeems always to have inspired, but he describes him with a moderation that gives weight to what he relates. His anecdotes of the Emperor have also the additional merit of being fresh, and one which he gives in connection with his mention of Napoleon's second marriage makes a singularly distinct impression.

"I happened," says Thiebault, "to be in the card room at the end of the apartments devoted to the receptions. The Empress was playing her game; kings, archdukes, princes, foreigners of the highest rank and a host of illustrious Frenchmen were following the Emperor with their eyes and watching his least movements, while he exchanged a few words with one, honored another with a nod, went from one table to another and addressed remarks more witty than polite to the ladies.

"Having gone round and got back to the door which separated the card room from that which preceded it, he passed through and in an instant a vast crowd poured after him. Lounging along, he reached the centre of the room. Then he halted, crossed his arms, stared at the floor a couple of yards from his feet and remained motionless. The kings, the Archduke Ferdinand, uncle of the Empress, and other eminent personages who were following, stopped at once; some backed, others moved aside, all drew closer together, until a widish circle was formed round the Emperor, he standing in the centre motionless. Every one copied his immobility; no one broke the silence.

"At first people even avoided looking at each other, but gradually eyes were raised and everybody looked about him. Another few moments and the glances assumed an interrogative air, as if all were asking themselves to what this bit of acting was the prelude, the tacit inquiry in the presence of so many foreigners of that rank making all the French people ill at ease. And, in truth, such a sudden lapse into contemplation, no less eccentric than out of place, might for the first two or three minutes have been attributed to a need on the Emperor's part of working out some important idea which had unexpectedly occurred to him; but when five, six, seven, eight minutes had passed no one could discover any meaning in it. Yet it remained clear that in the case of a haughty master, at a moment when he thought fit to make so singular an exhibition of himself, the thing to do was to do nothing.

"Unluckily, Marshal Massena, who happened to be in the front row, while I was just behind him, formed a different opinion. Indeed, I have always been convinced that, being as he was a man on the field of battle of happy inspiration and acute observation and lacking all these advantages at home, he thought he would be doing a service to Napoleon by affording an opportunity of putting a natural ending to a ridiculous scene, the most ridiculous of its kind that I ever saw.

"He did not understand that by furnishing a chief, to whom his own reputation was an insult, with a means of snubbing him, he would at the same time give him a way of escape by simply substituting a piece of cruelty for a piece of affectation. Consequently at a moment when not a soul had any idea of moving he left his place, went into the circle which a malevolent genius seemed to have traced in order that he might come to seek an affray there, then advanced slowly toward the Emperor. Astonishment and curiosity were depicted on all faces, though mine could have expressed only fear.

"However, we had not long to wait, for scarcely had the Marshal uttered a few words in too low a tone to be heard than, without raising or turning his eyes, the Emperor said clearly, in a voice of thunder: 'What business is it of yours?' and the old Marshal, who, in spite of his renown and his rank, had been humbled in the sight of all Europe, instead of departing at once and going home to hide his shame, returned to his place without answering, and to my complete amazement returned to it afterward. Never have I felt more mortified, never did the despot in Napoleon appear to me in a more arrogant and shameless light, for it was an insult no less gratuitous than cruel to France in the person of one of her oldest and most illustrious defenders.

"As for Napoleon, after awarding such a prize for great services, he continued to act the statue for a few moments longer; then, as though waking from a dream, he raised his head, uncrossed his arms, cast a searching glance on all those around him, turned round without a word to anybody and re-entered the card room. At a sign from him the Empress threw down her cards and arose, all the games ceased and everybody stood up. As he passed Marie Louise he said to her in a sufficiently dry tone, 'Come, Madame,' and walked on while she followed him three paces behind. * * * Such is the picture which I shall never cease to have before my eyes. I am still wondering what it meant."

Altogether the work is in many respects the most satisfactory of the Napoleonic revival. The translator, Mr. Arthur John Butler—who was also the translator of "The Memoirs of General Marbot"—has done his work with great skill.

WHOM WAS THE JOKE ON?

Apparently Mr. Richard Hovey Has Been Gently Guying Somebody as Poe Used To.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Dear Sir:—In the last number of a certain New York weekly it is implied that I was the writer of an article about myself, issued to the press by my publishers, Messrs. Stone & Kimball. In reply to many questions, I wish to say that it is quite true that I wrote, not only the article in question, but also the paragraphs criticising it in the weekly to which I refer.

Sincerely yours,

RICHARD HOVEY.

New York, Oct. 3, 1896.

A Chat with J. M. Barrie.

TO LOOK upon J. M. Barrie is a surprise. Most persons would expect the author of "The Little Minister" to appear as Scotch as the haggis. Nothing of the kind.

It has got to be the fashion nowadays when people look upon a celebrity to judge him precisely according to the ideal formed regardless of whether he really resembles the aforesaid ideal or not.

This probably explains why, when Mr. Barrie first set foot on American soil, the chorus went up: "Oh, isn't he Scotch?" The prejudiced commentators must, however, admit that the only thing Scotch about Mr. Barrie is his books. One of the persons who accompanied the author in his journey over seas from England tersely but inelegantly remarked: "He's so English it hurts him."

Anything of that sort is unkind. Mr. Barrie, like the most famous character in the fiction he has written, is a "lovable little man." He is a genuine Britisher in appearance, movement and speech, yet his ways are gentle and he gives the impression of a man who has thought much and deeply, and whose mind needs rest.

"I don't wish to work over here at all, you know," he said to a Journal reporter. "I am here for rest and mean to think of nothing else if I can help it. You know when a man makes up his mind that he will not work for a time the only thing for him to do is to do nothing for anybody at all. Idleness requires almost as careful planning to be successful as work itself."

Mr. Barrie talks in a pleasant monotone. His voice is sympathetic and low. It reminds one of nothing so much as the tone of the physician when talking to a patient whose nerves are on edge and whom he wants to soothe. Mr. Barrie speaks withal slowly and thoughtfully, with that rising inflection in his voice that distinguishes the Briton from his compeers everywhere.

He has no British sneer for the American people. It is the first time he has seen them at home, and he really likes them. "They are so hospitable," said he. "They want to do everything for you and to do it right away. They are so astonishingly quick, don't you know? It—it rather embarrasses one sometimes if he isn't used to that sort of thing, because, you see, he doesn't exactly expect it. But it's very delightful. Oh, yes, very."

That North America—the whole of it—is a country well worth seeing, Mr. Barrie is convinced, and in the few weeks that he proposes to remain on our shores he will inspect a good deal of territory. He hasn't seen such a great deal of New York, but he is coming back to us again, and then will look us over thoroughly. Perhaps he may write a book about us. That he doesn't know, for certain, yet.

Like all other strangers, Mr. Barrie looked with deep admiration upon the Hudson. "We hear so much of it, of your American Rhine, over the other side," he said, "that when we do come here we are quite curious about it. I have been told that the best short trip on the Hudson is from here to West Point and back, and I am going to try it before I return to England.

"Your Autumnal foliage impresses me greatly. A gentleman brought me yesterday one of the most gorgeous leaves I ever saw in my life. They tell me that you have plenty of such beauty over here, and I am very anxious to see for myself just what you do have. America is such a great country. You seem to have everything."